

Bloomfield Citizen.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE CITIZEN solicits contributions from the general public on any subject—political, religious, educational, or social—so long as they do not contain any personal attacks.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. Advertisements for insertion in the current week must be in hand not later than Friday noon.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892.

Change is beneficial. For the sake of change many will leave their comfortable homes during the summer season and take up for weeks or months a residence at the seaside or among the mountains, where they are without many of the home comforts. New scenes and new faces draw one from the rut of daily routine. The weariness and the monotony that come from doing the same thing for a long-continued time disappear, and on the return work is taken up again with freshened interest. It would be better for most people could they each year enjoy a respite from toil. The character of their work would be better and more of it would be done. The anticipation of rest is an incentive to labor. No leisure, however, can be thoroughly enjoyed that is not well earned. All work and no play saps both strength and interest.

Few people are absolutely without taste for music of some sort. More than are willing to acknowledge it are fond of the music of the hand-organ or of the street band. Critics may deem it indicative of some organic difficulty, yet the fact remains that such music meets with approval. Popular airs come and go like the summer breezes, but the street organ still twangs on. Around it gather and will continue to gather groups of admiringurchins; and long after the Italian race has become absorbed into the American body politic will the strains of the organ be heard on our streets.

Of all the drinks taken in warm weather ginger ale is one of the most refreshing and beneficial. Much ingenuity has been expended in the concoction of summer beverages, but it is safe to say that none is less harmless than ginger ale. The one thing against it is its cost, and that is not so great when the ale is bought in larger quantities when it can be had for ten cents a bottle. THE CITIZEN takes pleasure in recommending this drink to its readers, though it has no interest in the sale of it.

The House-Boat

is "English, you know," but it is rapidly becoming Americanized. House-boating is a sort of aquatic camping-out; and to pass a vacation on an American house-boat is an experience to anticipate with pleasure and remember with satisfaction. "Our Summer in a House-Boat," published in *Demorest's Family Magazine* for September, is a most delightful description of life on one of these floating summer homes, abounding with charming descriptions of scenery, and humorous incidents, to which the numerous illustrations give additional zest. "How Artificial Ice is Made" is especially apropos when the mercury is striving to make a record, and to know that Jack Frost is not the only dependence for a supply of ice makes one feel several degrees cooler on a hot day. This is also fully illustrated. "Society Leaders of Ohio" gives charming pictures and crisp biographical sketches of representative women of Ohio; "The Mushroom's Family Connections" embodies many curious and interesting points about peculiar fungi, and the illustrations are especially fine; the second part of "How to Sing Without a Master" is excellent; "Hands Up!" and "The Land of the Free and Equal," both illustrated, are stories that all will enjoy; and "Jim's Picture" is a pathetic tale that will appeal to every one. The departments—"Our Girls," "Home Art and Home Comfort," "Household," "What Women are Doing," "World's Progress," "Chat," and "Mirror of Fashions"—all abound with good things; and in addition to over 200 black-and-white illustrations there is a lovely water-color, "The Little Mother." The September number is a generous twenty cents' worth; and the subscription price is only \$2 a year. Published by W. J. Jennings Demorest, 15 E. 14th Street, New York City.

Political Notes.

James Boyne, Chairman of the Second Ward Democratic Committee, will announce the names of the committee next week.

Several members of the Second Ward Republican Club expect to receive the appointment as members of the Board of Registration and Election.

The annual State Convention of Democratic Clubs will be held at Camden on September 27. Each club is entitled to send five delegates and one for every fifty members in good standing in excess of 100, but no club shall be entitled to more than ten delegates.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Mugwump Defines His Position.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN:

SIR: Your correspondent is one of many thousand of honest, thoughtful voters who have changed their party affiliations during the last eight years. There are very many good people in both parties who seem to be at a loss to understand our position. A great many Democrats look upon us with distrust and seem to feel that we are not safely to be counted upon to support the party in its struggle for the supremacy which must precede any real reform of the evils brought upon us by the Republican policy of taxation. We are classed as Mugwumps by people who imagine that the first crossing of our theory will be the signal for a return to the enemy. That there are a considerable number of voters in some parts of the country who have no strong attachment to either party, and are blown hither and thither by every wind, is true; but they are not the majority of the newly gained Democrats. A recital of my own case will make my meaning clear.

My immediate family had been Democrats without exception up to the time when the slavery question and secession became the issues. On these two issues they joined the then newly formed Republican party. I cast my first vote when the war was hardly over, and of course voted the Republican ticket without thought or question until the sectional issues which caused the war were worn out and the dispute settled for all time. Little by little the Republican party has been forced into the old position held by the Whig party on all questions of State policy; centralization of power, protective tariff, paternalism, class legislation, and indirect taxation of all kinds have all been espoused by the party which received our support in its youth because we thought more of the preservation of the Union for the time being than anything else. Once it was proved beyond a doubt that the Union was safe and the old-time questions were forced to the front, we suddenly found that the Republican party was not for us and we were not for the Republican party. We discovered that all the principles advocated by that party were in direct opposition to family traditions, youthful training and associations, as well as contrary to all sound ideas of right, logic, and morality. The clouds had lifted, the confusion had disappeared, and in the clear, calm light of dispassionate, peaceful reasoning we found out that we were Democrats. What else could we do but vote the Democratic ticket?

I will add in my own behalf, as well as in behalf of many others whose past is similar to my own, that we intend to remain Democrats and not Mugwumps. We are independent, but not neutral. We believe that the party which is founded on principles which guarantee the continued existence of all a true American holds dear is the party which has a right to claim our undivided and energetic support.

If by "Mugwump" is meant a man who is ready to drop his party and run because an unprincipled man may by some mishap have gained temporary control of the party in his district, or a course is adopted by a majority who differ with him as to a matter of policy—if that is a "Mugwump," then I say please count us out. On this latter subject more anon. Yours, J. FELIX.

BLOOMFIELD, August 10.

A Republican View of the Situation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN:

SIR: Brag and bluster are as usual two significant features of the Presidential campaign on the part of the Democrats. "As sure as the sun shines we are going to elect Grover Cleveland," shouted the over-confident Democrat in 1888. "Hundreds of Republicans in this town are going to vote for Grover," is now a stereotyped phrase in the mouth of Democratic parrots. "Cleveland is the idol of the people," is another hackneyed phrase. If mouths and not brains were depended upon for winning elections, Mr. Cleveland would undoubtedly be the successful candidate. But unfortunately for the Democrats, brains form a very essential element in conducting a winning campaign. This is an essential in which the Democrats are woefully lacking. Every fool can talk with his mouth, but only wise men can speak.

The confident judgment of able men is that Grover Cleveland will not be elected this fall, and a reason for his rejection is found in the fact that the American people do not want a perpetual candidate. He has nothing more to recommend him to the people now than he had in 1888, when he was rejected with all the power of the Administration at his back. His worshippers claim that he was a martyr to his principles, but they fail to state what his principles are. That assertion of martyrdom is another emanation of the mouth in the head devoid of brains. Two rival factions in the Democratic party are at present engaged in a bitter controversy over the alleged principles of their chief. One faction, led by Editor Dana, claims that he was spied by the Mills School because he held to the principles of the Protection Democrat, Samuel J. Randall. The other faction claims the stuffing was drawn out of him by Editor Dana and his crowd because he made love to Henry Watterson's "Star-eyed

Goddess." Neither faction is able to state definitely whether Cleveland favored Editor Jones's plank in the Chicago platform or the substitute introduced by Editor Watterson. With such a confusion of ideas prevailing in their own ranks it is difficult to understand how the Democrats are going to successfully pursue the work of proselyting. A liberal use of mouth will not do it. While the father confessors of Democracy, Messrs. Dana and Watterson, hold such conflicting views, Democratic apostles will not succeed in making converts. The mouth of the Tammany tiger is emitting piercing yells for Cleveland, but recent events have shown that the tiger's claws are scratching a very deep hole for some body, and the hole is much larger than would be required to bury Benjamin Harrison out of sight.

BLOOMFIELD, August 11.

Breadwinner on Taxation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN:

SIR: There are many men living in our township to-day who cast their maiden Presidential vote in 1860, and every man of fifty years of age will remember that up to and previous to 1860 you could count the millionaires of our land on one hand, and that such a thing as a "strike," a "lockout," or a dissatisfied class of workmen did not exist, nor never had existed, in this fair land of ours. There was absolutely no discontent anywhere. Why? Because taxation was equally and justly distributed, every man having an even chance with his fellow-man in the race of life. Up to this time it had been an era of equal justice to all and special favors to none. A sufficient amount of taxes were levied for the maintenance of the Government only, and peace and contentment reigned throughout the broad land. Then the man of small means could take his little capital of one thousand, two thousand, or three thousand, and invest it in the line of business familiar to him, with almost the certainty of success. At that time there were no "Trusts," no "Combinations," no "Corporations," no "Syndicates," to crush him and his little capital out of existence. How is it to-day? Why such a change in so short a time? Why such universal discontent and unrest, such foreboding of evil everywhere? Why is it an admitted fact by nearly every man you meet that it is becoming harder and harder to make a dollar as the years roll by? What chances have our young men or our young women?

Thousands of our young men of average brain and education are working daily for a meagre subsistence, and many of them could not live without the assistance of their parents. Why have we eight thousand millionaires in this country to-day? There must be some reason or reasons; where there is an effect there must be a cause. No one doubts that this God-given land of ours is growing in wealth; its resources are exhaustless. Why is it concentrated in the hands of a few, while the great multitude of men and women in America have a struggle for simple existence?

Is it because we, by our own votes, elect men instructed to legislate to bring about this very state of affairs? Do we instruct them to put our bodies and brains on the "free list" in competition with the whole world, and then tell them to put a tax on everything we eat, drink, and wear? Do we instruct them to tax us heavily, more than is necessary to run our Government respectfully, in order that a billion-dollar Congress will flatter our vanity? Do we instruct them when we are at peace with the whole world, and likely to remain so, to build a navy so strong that it will tempt a little President to inaugurate a big fight, and thus get thousands of our fool heads shot off? Do we instruct them to add to the pension roll all army followers, bounty jumpers, deserters, and nurses, including the President, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts? Why not include the sutlers?

Do we instruct them to legislate exclusively in the interests of manufacturing plants, English iron-masters, saw-makers, thread-makers, etc., who bring their capital here and bleed us to the tune of fifty and sixty per cent? Is our fool crowd diminishing to such an extent that we are afraid to trust the common sense, the intelligence, and the patriotism of the American people in the future? If so, then let us make a heroic effort to elect the Republican ticket this fall, and pass the Force Bill—putting "a bayonet behind each ballot," and thus perpetuate the reign of "the lust of greed and the lust of power."

BREADWINNER.

BLOOMFIELD, August 5.
Watson & Co. Close Their Great \$3 Pantaleon Sale with the Finest Goods Yet Offered.

Watson & Co. put on sale to-day all their reserve lots of elegant custom-cut pantaloons at \$3 a pair. Fine Blacking-ton stripes, with or without lap side bands; handsome fine line English worsteds, choice Broad Brook cassimeres, in very handsome patterns, and high-cost left-over custom garments can now be seen in all their Broad and Market Street windows at \$3 a pair. Secure a couple of pairs of these elegant pantaloons, which many will be looking for when those reserve lots are closed out. They are the finest goods and hand-somest patterns yet offered, and with them Watson & Co. close this great mark-down sale.—The Newark Item.

Caught a Bald-Headed Eagle.

At Mitchell's Spring Lake House yesterday morning, on the top of Orange Mountain, James Murray and James Orase, with the assistance of another man named Holey, caught a large bald-headed eagle alive. The eagle had its nest in a tree half a mile from the house. They set a snare for it, and after a half hour's hard struggle captured it and took it to the house. It measured six feet from tip to tip.

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THE CRESCENT DRUG COMPANY, on June 15th, opened a department for the sale of PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES. The department is under the management of MR. W. B. MUSSEN, recently with Rockwood, the "quick as a wink" photographer of New York City. Mr. Mussen is one of the most capable men in his line of business in the United States, having had thirteen years' experience in the largest photographic houses in the country. Mr. Mussen was also during a period of two years, associated with Prof. G. R. Cromwell, Lecturer and Art Illustrator.

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Just here we wish to say that we have in our sole employ a chemist who has recently invented a new printing paper, etc., that will interest photographers, and of which we shall make detailed information in later advertisements. Orders for Exterior and Interior Viewing are solicited, as we have in our employ an Expert who did the interior viewing of the Vanderbilt and other elegant residences in New York City, and from whose plates the illustrations for Appleton's Homes of America were reproduced. This artist also photographed the Cenotaph Collections as well as the Central Park Museum Art Collection.

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